The Woman Voter

Organ of The Woman Suffrage Party

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HOW THE WORLD INVADES THE HOME

CHILDREN POISONED BY CANDY

"Poisoned from eating jelly bean candy, which they had purchased for a cent, Lillian, Agnes and Mitchel Murray, children of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, a widow, of No. 595 Second Avenue, were taken to Bellevue Hospital yesterday afternoon, said to be suffering from extreme ptomaine poisoning. The little girls and their two-year-old brother became unconscious soon after eating the candy, and at the hospital last night it was said that their condition was serious.

Mrs. Murray went to mass at St. Stephen's Church, Third Avenue and 28th Street, yesterday morning, leaving Lillian, eight years old, in charge of Agnes, four years old, and Mitchel, the baby. While the mother was at church a neighbor gave Lillian a cent. The little girl ran to the street and returned in a few minutes with a bag of jelly beans, and she and her brother and sister began to eat them.

When Mrs. Murray returned to her home she found neighbors in her apartments with the children, who were ill and in convulsions. Mrs. Murray tried all the simple home remedies she could think of, but the children continued to grow worse. At 4 o'clock they lapsed into unconsciousness, and somebody told Policeman Bleigh, of the East 35th Street Police Station, who called Dr. Mead from Bellevue Hospital.

The ambulance surgeon placed the three children in the ambulance and rushed them to Bellevue, where a stomach pump was used on them, and they were put to bed.

In spite of all the surgeons could do, the children grew rapidly worse, and finally a telegram was sent to Mrs. Murray, telling her to hurry to the hospital. When she arrived the children were unconscious and unable to recognize her. After imploring Lillian to speak to her, Mrs. Murray became hysterical, and between her sobs said that if she lost the children it would kill her.

The police and the Board of Health have started an investigation and are trying to learn where the children bought the candy."—*The New York Tribune.*

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[OVER]

This record of a little tragedy picked casually from the sheaf garnered from the papers of a single day portrays in a simple and telling manner one of the thousand ways in which the world has invaded the home. It shows better than any abstract argument why it is necessary for the woman who would safeguard her family against the perils of disease, and bring her children up into strong and vigorous manhood and womanhood, to extend her interests beyond the four walls of her tenement. What seems more reasonable than that the little child should be given a penny and should run guilelessly to the confectioner for a bit of sweet? And what is more common than the poisoning of little children by adulterated food? And now, who is responsible, the mother? No, the state. Politics is responsible; and if the politicians represented the home rather than the business interests, the laws relating to adulterated food and, what is just as important, their administration, would be so effective that the cowardly assassins who adulterate and poison would be put out of business and given their just reward. But your wiseacre will say: "The mother was at church; she should have been at home." We do not know that any opponents of woman suffrage object to a woman spending many hours a week at church, but they do not think that she has time once a year to go to the polls to say that she does not want a government that will allow her children to be poisoned. If the mother had been at home in this particular case her children might have been spared; but the poisoned candy was in the shop and somebody's children would have eaten it.

As long as mothers are content to let business dominate the world and to leave the home really unrepresented in the legislatures of the country, adulterators, poisoners, sweaters, and other social highwaymen of our time, will ply their trades, laughing at the feeble attempts which a few "good men" make to safeguard the home against the evils of the invading world.

WOMAN'S place is in the home. Did you notice the hundreds of poverty-stricken, sweltering mothers, with babes in their arms, clamoring around the ice wagons and the ice shops, during the sultry days, for bits of ice to save the milk for their babes and to keep the food for the family? It is not a woman's business how ice trusts are run, or whether she and her children perish in their stifling tenement for the lack of ice! The politicians were busy "busting" the ice trusts. These "busters" have been at this job for a generation, and with all the "busting" has come no relief to those who really suffer under the selfishness, shortsightedness, or mal-administration of these great public service corporations. The government could bring the ice companies to terms and force them to serve the public or, following the examples of enlightened cities, establish municipal plants. It is a question of politics whether mothers and children suffer for the want of ice in the summer time; and watch for the wrath to come when the women realize that it is not a law of nature under which they suffer but the stupidity of the politicians.

THE relentless war which has been waged on Dr. Wiley, at Washington, affords an excellent illustration of the way in which the malignant interests are lined up against the home. The adulterators, shoddy-makers, and poisoners make politics their business, although of course it is no duty of women in the homes to know or care about politics! The temporary victory of Dr. Wiley is one of the few good things that may be set down to the credit of the politicians; but the fight of such men in behalf of the public welfare would not be so badly supported if those who are most immediately and humanly interested in pure food—the women—were awakened to their political responsibilities and given a voice in the government.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN, JOHN STUART MILL.

When asked about literature to convert men to woman suffrage a few days since, one of our women said, "Oh, just give him Mill's Subjection of Women; that made my husband a strong suffragist. He didn't take us seriously until he read that and he loans our copy to his friends, and they become believers." Such is the power to-day of a book written in 1869.

This remarkable book so long out of general circulation, is reprinted with a strong foreword by Mrs. Catt, in which she states that John Stuart Mill was inspired to write "The Subjection of Women" by the account his gifted and broad-minded wife gave him of the first Woman's Rights Convention, held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. This account, published in the *Westminster Record,* also furnished the initiative for the organized movement in Great Britain. Price, 60c.; 8 cents extra for postage.

Mary Cheney, of Manchester, Conn., who recently gave that city a $200,000 public park, has made a further gift of a large tract of land in the heart of the city for a public recreation ground for children. She will equip it with modern apparatus. Mrs. Cheney is a suffragist.—*Labor Clarion,* July 28.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AND POLITICS.

The Annual Domestic Science and Pure Food Exposition and Congress will be held in Madison Square Garden this year, from September 23rd to October 4th. We know that if nothing more were said on this subject, the mere announcement of an exhibition of pure foods would suffice to draw suffragists to the Garden to study what advance has been made during the year in this branch of Domestic Science.

There is a very special reason, however, why every member of the Woman Suffrage Party should give heed to this exposition, namely, that there is to be a suffrage booth under the auspices of the Party. This is not a novel undertaking for the Women's Political Union took the initiative in this enterprise last autumn; but it is a big undertaking, as the object of the Woman Suffrage Party is not only to reach, with suffrage propaganda, the crowds that will throng the Garden, but also to net a good sum for the treasury.

In addition to the selling of its necessary quota of tickets, the collection and sale of household linens and dainty novelties of all kinds, and the distribution of literature, the committee having the booth in charge must provide hostesses for each day and see that a long list of new members and converts is added to the enrollments. Of course The Woman Voter will be on sale.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the Party activity at the exposition will be the Suffrage Evening, on September 30th, in Congress Hall of the Garden, during which an attractive programme of music and speaking will be given.

This affords an exceptional opportunity both for interesting new people in votes for women and for making money for the Party. There is work for everyone who wants to help make our booth a popular and successful one and we know our members will respond eagerly to the call for assistance.

The committee in charge consists of Mrs. Helena Secor Tonjes, chairman; Mrs. James T. Penfield, Mrs. Sophia Kremer, Mrs. Martha Wentworth Suffren and Miss Edith Whitmore.

Every member of the Woman Suffrage Party who will devote any time to this work is urged to communicate with Mrs. Tonjes or some member of the committee immediately at headquarters, 212 Metropolitan Tower.

IT seemed fitting in view of all this activity along Domestic Science lines just now to make this issue of The Woman Voter a special Home Number. In doing so, we omit the customary Beauty Hints, Paper Patterns, How to Make Dressers Out of Soap Boxes, and Recipes. We substitute for these—talks on Pure Food, Sanitation, Health and the Education and Nurture of Children—questions which involve the need of the ballot for housekeepers and mothers. We trust that our readers will not miss this time their complexion lotions, because of their newly-acquired interest in some of the bases of beauty.

WHY THE HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD VOTE.

The old-time housekeeper did not need the ballot. She spun her own wool, wove the cloth, dressed the meat, dipped the candles, drew water with the well-sweep. Even up to the beginning of the last century only three per cent. of the people lived in cities and these cities were overgrown villages under rural conditions. Trade until recently was unorganized,—the buyer met salespeople as personal and independent units. Those who affirm that the modern housekeeper is not concerned in politics cling to the domestic ideals belonging to these economic conditions.

The industrial revolution which makes the ballot necessary to the modern housekeeper began with the introduction of steam power, changing handicraft to machine work. Capital speedily concentrated in great masses and tends toward the combination of allied trade interests.

Politics, thus, in the form of the syndicate, invaded the domain of the housewife. She no longer deals with the salesman as a personal unit, but as the member of a powerful combination. In buying the beefsteak she runs up against the Beef Trust; in the gallon of kerosene she faces the Standard Oil; the bottle of milk, the pound of butter, the bag of sugar, coal in winter, ice in summer, each represents a mighty combination steadily and adroitly exploiting the consumer. The housekeeper who is forced to see that supply and demand does not control prices, must join men in the demand for governmental regulation of corporations which arbitrarily regulate the price of any commodity.

The modern housewife needs the ballot because she is the steward of the family resources.

She is responsible for the feeding, clothing, and sanitary well-being of the family. Within the last few years there has been a steady increase in the cost of living until the necessities of life are obtained with difficulty. This increase is closely related to politics. Should the housewife close her eyes to the gravity of the situation, saying "it is not my affair?" Or should she take an intelligent part in the solution of a great human problem? For a political issue, the right of corporations to manipulate the market, has become a domestic issue—the right of the people to live. No housekeeper is so remote as to escape this issue and the consequent responsibility. She is brought into practical relations with these problems at every point. Each household implement, each piece of furniture, each article of food and clothing is controlled by a trust which has reached its tremendous power in a protected market.

Eugene N. Foss, running for representative in the 19th Assembly District of Massachusetts, carried his district by a majority of seven thousand. In an interview published at that time Mr. Foss said that this remarkable majority was due to the fact that he went into every district and told the people what the tariff meant. "I told them that it affected everything they ate or wore or used in their homes." If this be true, should not the ballot, the only means of defence, be in the hands of the housekeeper who so greatly needs this protection?

Again, many conditions for which the housekeeper is responsible are now community questions. In the discharge of her duties she must follow these home interests into the life of the community; that is, into politics. Pure food and drugs, sanitary bakeshops, proper garbage disposal, uncontaminated milk, correct weights and measures, adequate protection from fire—these are strictly home questions which have moved into politics. Should not the housekeeper have a voice in the laws regulating the length of time in which eggs and butter may remain in cold storage? Should she not be able to offer an effective petition for Parcels Post?

The well-being of the family depends not only upon the cleanliness of the four home walls, but upon all the surroundings. The watchful care of the housekeeper must extend to the street and neighborhood. The reeking slum, the filthy alley, the bad drainage system, the neglected rubbish heap send poisonous germs into the most immaculate home. This watchful care is inoperative without the ballot.

The housekeeper is also the mother. Formerly each individual mother had supervision of the education of the child;—now the whole educational system is assumed by the state. The mother is still held responsible for results. Should she not have power to regulate causes?

The housekeeper represents the largest group of women—she represents the home, and upon the home depends the moral and physical strength of the nation. Her need for the ballot is the need for the tools with which her great work must be done.

HELEN G. ECOB.

Even though woman's traditional occupations have been child care and house care, her judgment has never been the controlling element in planning the house or deciding the conditions affecting it. She has been all too truly like the woman in the city tenement, with three dark bedrooms, who told the suffrage organizer, "It is man's place to build the house and woman's place to live in it just as it is built."

But the industrial changes of the last hundred years have even changed women's responsibilities in this matter. Many of the occupations that used to consume woman's time and energy, in each separate household, are now accomplished—whether better or worse is another question—in other ways. This means a release of energy that can be and must be directed along different lines. Intelligent women can no longer be oblivious to the responsibility of helping, each to the extent of her ability, to create conditions in family life that will make for the greatest possible efficiency, in every way, of all the individuals concerned. For example, the mere placing of fixtures, shelves, closets, windows, etc., in houses, will contribute to or militate against the growth of orderliness, cleanliness, thrift and health. These are things for the encouragement of which women are admittedly responsible. Yet why accept the responsibility as to results and fail or refuse to influence elements inevitably conditioning results?

Beyond the planning of the individual house are questions of health, hygiene and sanitation that must be settled wisely for each community. Because time is saved women by their no longer having to carry water from the well or to milk the cows, it does not mean that women can waste their time, but that the considerations of sanitation and healthfulness are transferred from individual to social guardianship. These matters are just as much women's legitimate concern now as when each had her own well and milk room. It is a question of recognition and readjustment. Questions of general welfare have become part of the white woman's burden, if she chooses to be an anti-suffragist; and part of her frankly accepted civic duty and privilege, if she is a broad-

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LESSONS IN GOVERNMENT.

I.

How Politics Affects Our Daily Life.

There seems to be rather a general feeling today that because politics is corrupt one can voluntarily escape from the degrading influence and live a life apart in a purer air where "sweetness and light" reign instead of the boss.

The aim of this lesson is to show that no man, woman, or child in modern times in the great cities, at least, can help being affected in countless ways each hour of the day by politics, however corrupt it may be. The truth is that practically every important human experience somewhere touches on a law or an administrative policy. Politics controls our homes, our modes of living, our health, the education of our boys and girls, our recreations, our business and, to a certain extent, our incomes.

Yet only a small proportion of men and women seem to realize how their complete existence is bound up with politics and government, and that to seek to escape from its corruption by political inactivity is an absurdity unworthy of an intelligent animal.

For example: One rises in the morning to begin the day with a bath and a refreshing drink of water. How many people ever stop to think how this water is brought to their homes? Its supply, its possible pollution, its distribution among rich and poor are political questions and the water commission is one of the "plums" so eagerly fought for by politicians. Most women who think of water at all are satisfied to boil it when it seems impure, or buy spring water when they can afford it. If the supply is short, many women can go to a mountain spring for drinking or to the ocean for bathing, and so avoid the evils attendant upon this serious situation. But water as a political matter still remains for the mass of citizens.

The breakfast and successive meals are in towns made up of the products of the labor of men and women from all corners of the earth so that the agrarian problem, the manufacturing of food stuffs, the questions of prices and freight rates, and delivery—especially when little boys are overworked—should be of interest to every consumer. The purity of foods is of vital concern and only a more obviously political question than all the others before mentioned.

Perhaps the rent collector disturbs the morning meal by his insistent ringing. The wise know that rent is more and more a governmental problem, having its basis in such matters as subways and railways, taxation of land values, prices of building materials which may again be the result of a reciprocity agreement, speculation in tenements, municipal housing, and congestion. The less wise are content to be the victims of their own indifference to these vital political matters while the wiser profit as politicians.

After breakfast the children must be hurried off to school. Are the character of the building in which they are to study, its protection against fire, its ventilation, its distance from home, of no concern to the mother? Is the type of teacher —the result of her pay, her social experience and pedagogic training, and often of political influence—a matter beyond woman's sphere? Are such questions as how sex hygiene, religion, science, are to be taught to her boys and girls questions for men alone to decide?

The woman who says "no" is the one who needs to learn that Boards of Education, under whose control such questions come, are political instruments whether appointed by a mayor or elected by citizens, whether paid or serving as volunteers. The vital problem of the right of poor children to an equal opportunity for education out of the city's money should interest not only the mothers in the tenements, but other mothers whose own children cannot escape the social results of child labor and ignorance. The whole future of the race may be bound up in such issues as Technical Education versus a Liberal Arts Education, Domestic Science as a special sex training versus an identical education for boys and girls, and these are governmental considerations, not private. The case of the children's health in schools is fundamentally important and this is left to School Boards to look out for.

The children having gone to school, the father departs to fulfil his business obligations; the mother sallies forth with her shopping bag—he, the producer; she, the consumer. If the husband is a captain of industry he is himself more and more a political problem, since the days of rampant laissez faire passed by; if he is a workman, he is equally a political factor and is slowly realizing it himself; if he is a professional man, he is either bound up in political interest with the captain of industry or eager to see the political balance of power in the hands of the laboring majority and his manner of conducting his profession will more or less reflect his interest.

And what of the consumer? To-day the fact that she spends the money is of more than individual interest. There are vast social results of her spending, whether her amount be great or small, which bring to the forefront of political problems such interests as child labor, women's labor, the sanitation and fire protection of factories, home and sweatshop work, the minimum wage, trade unionism versus the open shop, and countless others of a similar nature. Is she to go on guilelessly spending and leave her sister workers at the mercy of male politicians for every bit of betterment in their condition of life and labor? Aroused to a sort of conscious-

ness of working conditions, some of the consumers attempt, through welfare and other charitable work, to alleviate human misery; but do these women think for a moment that the great political issue of the rights of labor is settled thereby?

Moreover, such other big problems as taxation of incomes, the cost of living, protection of a few favored commercial interests, and an inheritance tax are all political problems and help to determine for each and all the amount of their spending money.

So if one goes through the gamut of life's experiences, one is constantly confronted with political issues which some are raising with the hope of increasing the average of human happiness and others with a view to self-aggrandizement only. Love and marriage at least may seem to be excluded; but such is far from the case. Indeed the law is very greatly concerned with these matters.

In some states it is very explicit as to what persons shall be allowed to marry. Tubercular, epileptic, criminal and other classes are in some places refused licenses and health is becoming more and more the basis for the issuing of certificates. The rights of the wife to her own property and wages, the equal guardianship over the children, and to some control over the disposal of her husband's property are legal and political considerations and personal tastes are not the final arbiters. Divorce is the one legal matter which is recognized as such but far more subtle, though no less political, are the economic and social bases of a legalized marriage.

Thus we see that we are not isolated units, free to live our own lives in our own way as a state of nature might dictate. To many persons the laws prove so beneficent that they are unconscious of their existence; to others they are so oppressive that they chafe under their restraint and focus all their attention upon them.

Whether one gains or loses by present governmental policies, it is a fundamental test of intelligence that he or she shall understand the political basis of liberty or oppression, of parasitism or exploitation, of idleness or overwork, of home for mother and children versus the factory and sweatshop; of pure food versus death-dealing products—of a government of the people, by the people, for the people versus a commercial government of the few, by the few, for the few.

It is the modern city which has forced these public problems on us all and it was the power-driven machinery which made the modern city. Everything was not a question of politics and government before the steam-engine came into use. Since its adoption every man, woman, and child in the cities has come under its influence either to his own advantage or disadvantage. And it is over the products of machinery that all political warfare is waged to-day. The sad fact is that the so-called "best people" in the community are usually the ones who profit by our present political policies and can therefore afford to be indifferent to them. They do not wish to meddle with a state of affairs which, however hard on others, works well for them.

There is, however, an old English maxim of the law which says that "whatever concerns all should be decided by all." It is this truism which is the essence of democracy. At present what concerns all is decided by the few because of the indifference of the many. When women, as well as men, understand how vital it is that they should concern themselves with what comes so close to their lives, we shall more nearly approach the ideal of a true democracy and politics will cease to be corrupt.

THE MAYOR OF HUNNEWELL.

The papers of the last weeks have been full of reports of the failure of Mrs. Ella Wilson, the woman mayor of Hunnewell, Kansas; editorial comments have been antagonistic, and the antis have had their fling at her. The following letter, therefore, which has just been received by Miss Caroline Reilly—chairman of the Press Committee of the National American Woman Suffrage Association—is most illuminating:

Hunnewell, Kansas, August 13, 1911.

"The reports recently published in the New York papers about me and my attitude toward the work in which I am engaged are unjust and absolutely false. They quote me as saying, "Politics is not a woman's game.' I have never made such a statement, nor have I arrived at that conclusion. As to my resigning, I have no intention of so doing; neither have I any desire for such action. I am in a fight for higher morals and a better city government, and I am confident that I shall be victorious. The men of Hunnewell who belong to the whiskey and gambling element are opposing me in every possible way, but I shall stick to my post and earnestly endeavor to accomplish some reforms that are greatly needed here."

(Signed) ELLA WILSON, Mayor.

Governor Stubbs is reputed to have said he would institute ouster proceedings against the Councilmen of Hunnewell, Kan., who refused to co-operate with their woman mayor at last night's meeting. Attorney General Dawson already had notified the Councilmen that drastic action would follow further neglect of their duties.

ERRANTRY

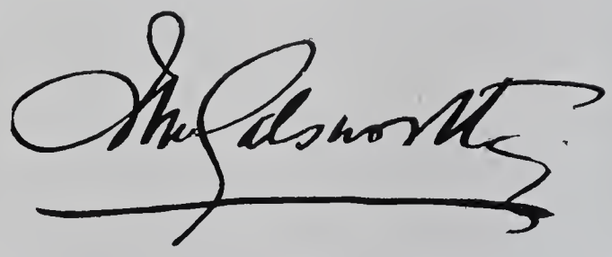
Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
To tilt at windmills under a wild sky!
For who dare live so petty and unblest
That will not tilt at something ere he die—
Rather than in the lee of multitudes
Preserve his little life to little ends,
Within the shelter of monotony?

Ah! For a weapon wistful and sublime,
Whose lifted point recks naught of woe or weal,
Since it must needs be shivered every time!
When in the wildness of our charge we reel,
Men laugh indeed, the sweeter heavens smile;
But a whole world of fat prosperity
Has not the value of that broken steel.

The strange far echo of the challenge cry
Sets swinging to and fro the bell which tolls
A dim and wondering note of sympathy
Within the true cathedral of our souls,
And drowns the mocking of the marketplace—
So, crystal-clear, the shepherd's wayward pipe
From feasts his cynical soft sheep cajoles.

Its pennon, planted ragged to the dawn,
Calls to the moon to stand, the sun to fly;
And flutters, when the weak is overborne,
To stem the tide of fate and certainty.
It knows not reason, and it seeks no fame—
The words engraven on its stubborn wood;
"To ride, Knight-Errant, till Eternity!"

So, undismayed beneath the serried clouds,
It holds the banner of forlorn defence—
A jest to the complacency of crowds—
Bright-haloed with the one diviner sense;
To hold itself as nothing to itself;
And in the quest of its imagined star
To lose all thought of after-recompense.



(We are deeply indebted to Mr Galsworthy for presenting this brilliant poem to The Woman Voter.)

WHEN WOMEN COME IN

BY EMA SUCKOW

It all began at breakfast, the worst possible time and place; for who wants to break the customs and cherished ideas of years with his soft-boiled eggs and ruin his coffee with shattered ideals? It was good coffee; I'll say that for Peggy; as good as we had had in all the twenty odd years of drinking coffee opposite each other; but I ask again, of what good is the creamiest of coffee to a man whose mental legs are knocked out from under him by the same hand that wields the fragrant percolator?

"Well," I remarked genially, for it is my custom to start the day right by being genial at breakfast unless Ted is too late, "well, that was a great speech we had last night."

Peggy waited until my cup was prepared exactly to my taste, held it out to me across the table, and looked me coolly in the eye. "Yes," she said. "It was; I enjoyed it very much."

It was well she kept her hold on the saucer. I dropped my side. "You—You! Why, how in thunder, Peggy——"

"Will you have some coffee, dear?" She was a minx when I married her. "Yes, you see Ted had some studying to do, and you had spoken of going with Mr. Marsh, so I told Mrs. Willets I would go with them. Have some cakes, son?"

"See here, Peggy, if you wanted to hear West speak, you know all you had to do was to tell me. You didn't have to go running off with a bunch of women——"

"Oh," said Peggy, even more coolly than before and having the audacity to butter a muffin at the same time. "I didn't want to hear West. We went to the Rollins Rally, you know."

I am glad now that I didn't say anything. I hope my face was as blank of expression as my brain was empty of comprehension. Peggy attending a political rally in a high-handed, take-it-or-leave-it fashion with a lot of women, entirely ignoring her husband and rightful guardian; and, of all wonders, going to a rally for that upstart of a Rollins!

"Say, Dad, that cup's china. You can't plow a furrow in it with your spoon." It has always been my opinion that Peggy is too lenient with that boy. His levity on this occasion proved it. I put down my spoon, however, and determined to sift this matter to the bottom.

"And why, if I may ask, did you care to spend an evening in a stuffy, noisy hall listening to a lot of political twaddle which you don't care a rap about?"

Peggy looked at me as if I were her Sunday school class. "But I ought to learn about these things, don't you think so?" she inquired pleasantly.

"Why, my dear, I will tell you about them any time you ask me," I answered.

It was a natural enough remark. I saw no reason for Ted to choke in his coffee cup. Peggy was very sweet about it in a way I used to believe in but have learned to distrust.

"Thank you, dear," she murmured. "But, you see, I want to know something about the other side."

"I hope, Margaret, that I am not so narrow that I can't see more than one side of any question," I answered her.

I had expected that that "Margaret" would finish the whole discussion; for I have seldom felt it necessary to use it and I employed almost the same tone which I find most effective in dealing with the fellows at the office. But if I had said, "Your dress becomes you unusually well this morning, my dear," her smile could not have been more innocently pleased.

"I hope you can, Charles," she said. "That is what I had to do, you know—see both sides of the question in order to decide."

"To decide?"

"Why, yes," said Peggy. "To decide how to vote."

We did not mention the subject at luncheon. But when Ted had gone to play "catch" with his boon companions a half hour before school time, I took up the subject again with great care, for it had lain heavy on my mind all morning.

"Curiously enough, my dear, I had forgotten that we have lived in Colorado long enough to give you the right to vote—if," I added guardedly, "if you care to, of course."

"Of course," said Peggy.

I knew what she wanted, but I would not gratify her. She needn't think men are as curious as women. However, finding that the subject had unaccountably dropped, I was forced to pick it up again.

"You spoke this morning of—er—deciding."

"Yes, I did."

"You decided?"

"I spoke of it."

When a woman stands with her back to you making entirely unnecessary dabs at her front

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THE COMING LEGISLATIVE CAMPAIGN.

THE SUFFRAGISTS' OPPORTUNITY.

The Woman Suffrage Party intends to wage unrelenting war on every candidate for the Assembly—whatever his party—in the coming November election, who will not openly and without equivocation declare himself for the principle of equal suffrage. We now have a powerful organization of thousands of men and women; we have the support of the Men's League for Woman Suffrage; we have the money, we have the brains, and we have the fighting temper. The time has come for politicians to realize that the advocates of equal justice will no longer be put off by smiles and scorn and sarcasm.

The legislative situation is peculiarly favorable to our plan of warfare. The overthrow of the successors to the Black Horse Cavalry at Albany and the revelations concerning the inner ring of Republican politicians, which made an interesting and disgraceful spectacle last year, is not forgotten; and we have the records of these politicians. If the rank and file of the masculine voters have forgotten these records we shall remind them.

Senator Grady, the Representative of the "Antis" at Albany.

The record of the Democratic legislature which succeeded the discredited Republican machine has so far not been of such a character as to commend it whole-heartedly to the electors. It has devoted itself largely to distributing the spoils of office. But in this it has not departed at all from the examples set by the preceding Republican legislature. It has passed ripper legislation, designed not for public welfare but for partisan service. That it has passed some good laws we do not deny; but there can be no doubt that it will have a difficult time next November in convincing the public of the rectitude of its intentions and the wholesomeness of its labors.

Whatever may be the merits of the Democratic legislature—and with Burke we refuse to condemn wholesale—there is a feeling abroad that one set of spoilsmen has been turned out to make room for another set. This feeling is not confined to the Woman Suffrage Party. It is voiced in the following editorial which appeared in the New York Times of July 3rd, under the caption, "An Unholy Alliance:"

"The 'combine'—the term has a definite and ugly connotation—between the Tammany machine in control of the majority of the legislature and the Old Guard, with a solid block of Republican votes, is not novel. Partnerships of that sort have been a reliance for Tammany for many years. Tweed ran one of amazing efficiency in the legislature forty years ago, and its wild excursions culminated in his exposure and downfall. It was but an extension of the business arrangement he had formed in this city, which made "Tammany Republicans" a hissing and a by-word in our political history. The present conspiracy against the rights and interests of the public is probably not nearly so formidable or so bad, and will undoubtedly be broken up at the polls next Fall, but in morals it is the same sort of odious and mischievous thing.

What is particularly bitter and disappointing in the actual situation at Albany is that it is the outcome of an honest effort by the independent voters of the State to drive bad men from the Legislature and put in good ones. And the most unfortunate result of this betrayal of the hopes and aims of honest men is that it tends strongly to discourage like attempts in the future. Respectable and well-meaning men all over the State, and especially in this city, are going about saying: 'What is the use? You only replace one lot of rascals by another, generally worse.' And there is no denying that the facts give a good deal of support to that weary plea."

With this feeling abroad in the State about the "combine," the coming election in November is bound to be close and hotly contested all along the line. At every point where the fighting is the sharpest, and the results will depend not upon mass charges but upon fine thrusts, the Woman Suffrage Party intends to concentrate its forces.

We are not so much distressed about petty ripper legislation and the spoils of office as we are about the great principle of equal justice for women. We are going to take advantage of the present opportunity to show the politicians of this State that they can no longer trifle with impunity with such grave and serious questions as that of equal justice for women.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR HINMAN.

New York City, August 25th, 1911.

My dear Senator:

You are among the foremost opponents not only of woman suffrage, but also of the proposition to submit the question in the form of a constitutional amendment to the decision of the voters of this commonwealth. Knowing well from my personal relations with you your firm determination to do right and justice as you are given to see right and justice, I direct this letter to you with the hope that, by pointing out some of the fallacies in your argument against equal suffrage, you may be brought to see the unwisdom of your course.

You say that you do not believe that a majority of the good women of the State want to vote. Sir, there is no way of knowing whether a majority of the four million slaves which your party enfranchised were in favor of emancipation. Indeed, the pathetic faithfulness with which the overwhelming majority of them clung to their masters during the Civil War would seem to prove that their bondage was reasonably acceptable to them. The founders and organizers of your great party, however, took higher grounds than that of mere majority approval. They declared that slavery was unjust, that a house divided against itself could not stand, and that the system, bulwarked on every side by wealth and respectability, would have to go down.

SENATOR HINMAN

Lincoln, whose memory I know you cherish far more than most of your party colleagues, did not stop to inquire with shallow sophistry whether the negroes wanted emancipation; neither did he argue the question as to whether they were equal with the white men. Senator Hinman, the majority of the people of the United States when Lincoln uttered his high declarations did not agree with him. He voted for a resolution against slavery in the Illinois legislature when only one other man voted with him. He was a truly great statesman because he did not stoop to inquire what was the mere whim of the majority; but, knowing that in the course of human events, justice must be done, he took his stand and fought his battle. Sir, this same Lincoln did not stoop to inquire whether a majority of the women wanted to vote. His inquiry was directed above everything else to the question as to whether it was right and just that women who bear burdens and share the heat and turmoil of the common struggle for existence should be deprived of all share in the making of the laws which determine their own and their children's destinies. And having made that inquiry, he openly declared himself in favor of the enfranchisement of women on the same terms as men.

A few years ago, Senator Hinman, with an overwhelming majority of the legislature against you, without any sure support in public opinion, you declared yourself in favor of the direct primary. You did not stop to inquire whether a majority of the voters of the state were in favor of it. You had no way whatsoever of ascertaining whether they were in favor of it. If you take the evidence of their representatives in the New York legislature—the best evidence available as to the statistics on the matter—certainly an overwhelming majority of the voters were against it; at all events, you had no way of knowing. Nevertheless, supported by a handful of men, you waged the fight in the Senate and encouraged the champions of the measure in the Assembly. Sir, your inquiry then was: "Is this bill a just bill, will it give to the voters of New York rights and privileges to which they are entitled?" The metropolitan papers poured out their vials of wrath upon your head; you were called "Old Doc Hinman, manufacturer of nostrums." No ridicule was too severe, no contempt too bitter, to express the attitude of a large number of respectable papers toward you and the measure which you championed. But you helped to educate the voters of the State up to the principle that you had advocated. You helped to stir the commonwealth from Buffalo to the extremities of Long Island, until both parties were forced

to declare themselves in favor of the direct primary.

That, sir, is the way great reforms succeed. A few first champion them believing that they are just and expedient; they bring their principles to the test of reason; they erect standards and call upon the people to join them; and thus the small minority working for the right is in time transformed into a triumphant majority.

Moreover, the argument as to whether a majority of the women do not want the suffrage is an ancient and threadbare argument. It has been brought up against every enlightened reform in the nineteenth century. In the constitutional convention in New York in 1821, when it was proposed to take the government of the State out of the hands of a narrow oligarchy of landlords and vest it in "the whole people," the cry was uttered in the convention that the men whom they were about to enfranchise did not want to vote. Eminent and respectable members of that convention, among them the distinguished Chancellor Kent, exclaimed that the State was already prosperous, that the workingmen were not fitted to share the government of the country; that the working-class, if enfranchised, would demand rights instead of fulfilling duties; and that the extension of the suffrage would bring the whole State down into anarchy, chaos, and ruin. But the suffrage was extended on the ground that it was right and just; that it was in harmony with the great spirit of democracy which this government was founded to express, develop, and perpetuate. And I believe, Senator Hinman, that with your knowledge of the legal development of our State, you will say that our legislation in every domain has been touched by enlightenment and humanity during the nineteenth century, and that in spite of a few evils that have attended an indiscriminate extension of the suffrage, good beyond all measure has come to the State.

You say, Senator, that woman's place is the home; and I agree with you that the great function, and sacred function, for the vast majority of women is that of bearing children and rearing them as citizens of the commonwealth. The place of a majority of them is in the home and will always be in the home, just as the chief function of the normal average man will forever be that of supporting and cherishing his family. But to say that a woman's place is in the home, and that voting is incompatible with her function, is just as unreasonable as to say that a man's business is making a living for his family, and that voting is incompatible with that great function. Indeed, Senator, if you will take the trouble to read the history of democracy, you will find that that was exactly the argument brought by privileged aristocracies in times past against the extension of the suffrage to common men like you and me. It was argued in England, for example, that the government of the country should be kept in the hands of a leisured class—the landed gentry—because they had the time to spare for politics, and were specially fitted for it by their education and their talents as a ruling aristocracy. When it was proposed, nearly a century ago, to extend the suffrage to workingmen—to the lower classes from which, Senator Hinman, Abraham Lincoln sprang, an educated and respectable clergyman in England exclaimed against it, using in reference to the common man almost the very language which you used in the Senate of New York in 1911 against our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters; namely, that their business was doing the common work of the world and not interfering with politics, which was the peculiar privilege of an aristocracy. Said this learned clergyman to the common man: "What would you gain by universal suffrage? I am certain that you would gain nothing but universal confusion, universal setting of workingmen against each other. * * * All workingmen would then become politicians. They would neglect their vocations in life—spend their time, their strength, their talents in what would increase their poverty. * * * * * With respect to having Members of Parliament paid and void of property qualifications—really this is too absurd for an idiot to be the author of." (Robinson and Beard, *Development of Modern Europe,* Vol. II, p. 189). What you take for reason and logic therefore, Senator, is a prejudice against women made of the very same stuff as the prejudice which the aristocracies of Europe have ever cherished against the common man—like you or me.

But this is not the final word on that cant phrase, the woman's place is in the home. You know, Senator, that millions of women in the United States are employed out of the home. They are driven by poverty into factories and workshops. Would to God, Senator, that all the married women of the United States had decent homes in which to rear up children of whom the commonwealth might be proud. But millions of them are housed in stuffy tenements and shacks and they go forth in early morning hours and toil amid the whirl of spindles and the clash of machinery. They have to work, Sir, *out of the home,* and at every point in industry, chivalrous man, their natural protector, takes advantage of their weakness and their poverty to discriminate against them in hours and wages. Their brothers beside them have the ballot, and if they wish protection under labor legislation they have the instrument for securing it. But if the women want protection—Shades of the Triangle

(*Continued on page 28*)

The Woman Voter

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF AND PUBLISHED BY

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE PARTY

A Union for political work of existing Equal Suffrage organizations in the City of New York

Mrs. MARY R. BEARD, Editor

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With this issue The Woman Voter appears in enlarged form, with some changes in the character of the articles published; but it still remains the organ of the Woman Suffrage Party of New York. Its purpose is the advocacy of the extension of suffrage to women on the same terms as to men. It does not regard the suffrage in any narrow sense as a mere political right, but views the ballot as an instrument which may be used by the countless thousands of working women in securing and defending better conditions of life and labor; and as an instrument to be used by women of every class in the realization of their political ideals. We are willing to accept the doctrine of the schoolmen that the ballot is not a natural right; we will not argue the question as to whether there are such things as natural rights. We believe that the ballot is the next logical step—is an inevitable step—in that long chain of events which is destined to place women in a position of equality with men, not only in rights enjoyed before the law, but also in the making of laws. We are aware that there is an immense body of prejudice against giving the ballot to women; but it is the same kind of prejudice that opposed giving to married women control over their own property and over their earnings; it is the same kind of prejudice that opposed the opening of a higher education to women; and it is the same kind of prejudice that opposed the entrance of women into the professions. We do not doubt that this prejudice is shared by thousands of women, but it is one of the missions of this paper to arouse the women of this city and State to a consciousness of their place in the scheme of human development, to awaken in them an interest in the great industrial and social processes which are so largely determining their own and their children's destinies. We hold, in accordance with modern sociologists, that with the advance of mankind there will be an ever increasing amount of conscious and intelligent direction in the making of institutions and the control of the economic forces of civilization. Women cannot remain outside of this general awakening even if they would, and we believe that they are bound to have, in the nature of things, a voice in choosing the public authorities who are to be charged with this conscious direction of human affairs.

We are not disposed to argue with those who believe that woman's sphere is the home. For the vast majority of women, undoubtedly it is, just as making a livelihood is the function of the vast majority of men. But the modern home—woman's sphere if you please—is not an isolated unit, separated from the world, its influence, and its interests. More than one-third of the homes of the United States are in great cities, and the health and efficiency of these homes depends not merely upon the skill of the housewife, but upon the character and efficiency of public administration. Even in the smaller towns and the rural districts, the interests of the home are bound up in the laws and their administration. Moreover, millions of women are forced from the homes to labor and it is to the government that they must look for security and protection.

To get men and women to see these truths—which seem so obvious to us—is the great mission of The Woman Voter. When the women realize that they have individualities and personalities of their own; when the women in the home come to see how the forces of the outside world are breaking in upon them at every point; when the women in the workshops and factories come to learn how real protective legislation is to be secured through politics, then the cause of woman suffrage is won.

On this broad and catholic platform we take our stand. In this great movement there is room for every variety of appeal, and The Woman Voter sympathizes with all of them. It therefore invites the co-operation of all who believe in the political emancipation of women, no matter from what angle they approach the subject. Our constant purpose will be propaganda—not esoteric discussions for the initiated.

We wish to call to the notice of our readers an article in another column entitled "The Coming Legislative Campaign." We hope that every loyal supporter of equal suffrage will so shape her autumn plans as to be able to help in this election struggle. It is going to be a glorious fight. We have many volunteers and our organization is in better condition than ever; but we need more workers, more enrolled members, and more money. The results of this campaign will extend far beyond the mere election returns. It will afford us an opportunity to reach the voters better than in any other way, and it will help bring the politicians to see—if not the justice of our cause—the necessity for a wholesome respect for our determination and our fighting qualities.

The politicians of New York and the business interests which employ most of them have been busy all summer over the subway question. Of course, this is none of woman's business! The tens of thousands of working women who go to workshops, factories, and offices every morning and back again to their homes at night do not count in the masculine scheme of things. It makes no difference to them if they have to stand up in the crowded subway trains after working all day in the factory or office. It makes no difference to them even if there are not enough straps to go around. Their male protectors look after their interests—those tender, sympathetic, chivalrous male politicians who have let the transportation financiers loot the City of New York for two generations until what we have to pay to-day is not a reasonable dividend on physical valuation, but an outrageous charge so that the interest may be paid upon millions of watered stocks, floated by traction magnates, thanks to the criminal neglect of the city and the State. Clearly, the subway question shows that woman has no natural interest in politics!

The Health Department of New York—a political department under the control of the politicians in power for the time being—issued instructions to the people of the city this summer telling them how to live in hot weather. Among other things, they were to take only light exercise, avoiding all heavy work; they were to go to the country as often as possible; they were to be careful to purchase only the freshest eggs, milk, and fruit; they were to eat only dainty dishes; they were to take care that there should be plenty of air space in every sleeping room at night and have plenty of fresh air by day; they were to wear light and filmy garments; and they were not to worry at all. Isn't this order from the Board of Health a charming bit of masculine politics? Of course, it makes no difference to women whether the people in the Department of Health really understand the economic conditions under which the great mass of women in New York must live and work. Their natural male protectors, their representatives in the government, look after their interests tenderly so that they need not take any trouble about the men who fill the public offices. That is all done for them by the wise and all-seeing masculine providence that looks after women and children and other incompetents.

Congress has been busy this summer with the reciprocity and the wool schedules. Of course, it is a case of politics and the price of food and clothing. It would be unwomanly for mothers to take any interest in such a sordid thing as the price of food and clothing. They should read Browning instead.

In another column we call the attention of advertisers to the excellence of The Woman Voter as a medium for reaching a desirable buying public. We also wish to draw our readers' attention to the importance of supporting the advertisers whose patronage enables us to publish The Woman Voter. We intend to increase the size of this paper; we are determined to push its circulation up into the tens of thousands; and we are going to make it a lively organ in the advocacy of woman suffrage throughout this State. To carry on this great campaign we need money, and we depend largely upon our advertisers. Therefore, we urge all suffragists and sympathizers to patronize our advertisers wherever possible, and to let our advertisers know, whenever convenient, that these announcements in The Woman Voter are good paying propositions. This is reciprocity in the best form. Advertising pays the advertisers, and the advertisers advance the cause of woman suffrage.

We have a good business proposition for those who have time to canvass for The Woman Voter, and also for those who can sell the Voter at suffrage and other meetings. This is going to be the most interesting year in the history of woman suffrage in this commonwealth, and here is a good opportunity to serve the cause and mammon at the same time—without committing any sin.

Make a note of these dates: The City Convention at Carnegie Hall on October 26, at 8 p. m., and the Conference of Assembly Leaders, Captains and other workers in the auditorium of the Metropolitan Life Building on September 11, at 1.30 p. m.

The National Convention of the Suffrage Associations meets in Washington, D. C., from October 20 to 25.

Senator Ferris, of Utica, made this statement in the Chamber at Albany during the discussion of the suffrage amendment: "So far as I know three women want me to vote for this bill." He let the Senate believe there was practically no sentiment in Oneida County for suffrage by neglecting to state that one of the three women who wrote him did so as the President of the Political Equality Club in Utica, representing 600 members, and 100 sympathizers. There are moreover, two other Political Equality Clubs in Senator Ferris' district—one in Bridgewater and one in Clinton. The women of all these clubs are now extremely indignant at the misrepresentation of the situation by their Senator.

THE PRIZE POEM

BALLOT SONG OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

By Minnetta Theodora Taylor.

Once more awakes the spirit of the just
And a world-wide flame is kindled from the dust.
Women, for the right we know,
For the duty that we owe,
For all souls now here and coming, vote we must.

Chorus.

We the People! All the People! How it rings!
Justice broad and free, the living heart of things!
Sisters working for the light,
Brothers striving for the right,
We the People! All the People! How it rings!

Our voice is for the wisdom of the free,
Ever growing since our parents crossed the sea,
Silence in the court of wrong
To the weakling must belong.
Let our spirits, strong and earnest, speak and see.

We are walking where the heroes all have trod,
A weary way where we can only plod;
But we're toiling in the space
Where the martyrs took their place
And our mighty shout is risen to our God.

Ye Powers of Evil, earth is not your own!
Women helping, you shall yet be overthrown.
And a better life shall rise
Than has gladdened human eyes;
And true peace shall blend the nations into one.

Let us stand together, women, hard and fast!
Let us vow to keep the faith until the last!
By the truth the world has learned,
By the falsehood it has spurned,
We will vote and rise above the vanished past.

Minnetta Theodora Taylor.

[This is the poem which wins the $100.00 given by Mrs. W. W. Penfield. The music is now being arranged and will appear in the next issue of The Woman Voter.]

WHEN WOMEN COME IN

(*Continued from page 8*)

hair before the mirror, it does very little good to look disdainful.

"Exactly," I repeated, "you spoke of it. And will you be so very kind as to speak of it again?"

"I'm going to this afternoon," she announced, and from her tone I understood that she was keeping up the mirror farce on purpose to have an excuse for not looking at me. It was well she did, for a horrifying thought struck me. Could it be possible that Peggy, the bride of my youth, the companion of my maturer years, Peggy, who still searches my pockets for candy and has a weakness for picture hats—was it possible that she would actually take the stump at the mass meeting for women I had seen billed for the afternoon before election? My worst suspicions were soon confirmed.

"I'm President of one of the Federated Clubs, you know," she explained, beginning on the locks in front of her left ear. "All the presidents are to speak. Haven't you time to come along?"

To come along? Did the woman actually think—and then another thought struck me and for the moment I was glad that Peggy's hair needed attention. Of course it would never do for my wife to appear at that silly mass meeting and I took a turn across the room to gain time for thought. I resolved not to risk another direct attack but to approach the subject by a more roundabout and delicate route. As a preliminary movement, to suggest that I took the whole matter lightly, I laughed. Peggy turned around and looked at me.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Why—er—I was just wondering if I could get off and hear the performance this afternoon. What's it going to be—a lecture on Beauty Hints followed by a reading from Browning and ending with the unveiling of a portrait of Mrs. Carrie Chappie Cattie, etc., etc.?"

Peggy took out her watch and consulted it gravely. "You do seem in a hurry this afternoon," she remarked. But I was not to be made away with by any such trick.

"How could you bear to break away from True Culture and New Thought long enough to dabble in politics?" I proceeded. "What is your subject, dear—'The Necessity of Choosing a Mayor Who Will Wear a Buttonhole Bouquet?' —or 'Let Us Join Together, My Sisters, and Elect a City Council Who Will Install Mirrors on Every Street Corner?'"

"My subject," Peggy answered me, "is 'A History of the Present City Council and A Few Facts Concerning their Campaign Methods.'"

"Oh!" I said. "Oh, is it?"

But it was impossible for these women to know anything about the inner workings of—of course it was absurd to think for a moment that my wife—why, she had never cared a rap about such things in all her life back in Ohio. She knew a good deal about my business—that is, the technique of my business—knew what contracts I had on hand—generally—and was really clever in helping me design and plan. But beyond that she had never questioned. It was absurd to think that she——

"Then I take it the Counterfeit Clubs or whatever you call 'em are not supporting the present Mayor?"

"Why, no; of course not."

"But why 'of course not?' "

"Because," said Peggy, "we want a clean, decent city where the people get what they pay for."

"And aren't they gettin' that now?"

"Oh, well," she shrugged, "a few people are getting a good deal more than they pay for."

"Look here, Peggy," I said, sitting down at the opposite end of the library table where I usually smoke my cigar. "It is all nonsense to talk as we are. Of course all this business of voting and mass meetings and city politics and the like is new to you and you are naturally carried away with it. But I've been mixed up in it a good many years, and you'd take my word for things along this line as quickly as you would the word of a lot of rattle-headed club women, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," she answered. "But I haven't taken anybody's word. I found out about things."

I tried again. "Very well, then, now we can talk. Personally, I don't like the idea of my wife getting up in a public meeting and ranting about politics—it's distasteful to me, Peggy, very. If you want to vote now that you have the chance, why, go ahead; I wouldn't say a word about that. And I don't object to your speaking ordinarily; but how is it going to look for you to get up in public and support Rollins when everybody knows I am for West? People will expect you to start out for Reno most any time, and it's bound to make talk, Peggy. The men will jolly me about it. I don't like to have my domestic affairs discussed in that way. If it were anything that mattered much to you, I wouldn't say a word, but what earthly difference can it make to you which man is elected?"

"Well," said Peggy serenely, "what earthly difference can it make to you?"

"That's different, Peggy, entirely different," I answered, getting up to open a window. The room was beastly close, and I knew I was in for a beastly time of it trying to explain business to a woman. Her next remark confirmed me in this idea.

"But I don't understand," she said. "You believe in temperance, don't you?"

"Why, certainly, but what——"

"Rollins stands for a dry town. And you believe in parks and improvements?"

"Yes, but——"

"The present council has been working on the same park for six years and talking about a new city hall for three years. You believe in being honest, don't you?"

"But hang it all, Peggy——"

"You know and I know and everybody knows that West wasn't worth a dollar when he became Mayor six years ago, and that he has spent money like water ever since and has a good bank account besides."

It was getting cold in the room. I banged the window down.

"Now, what I can't understand," said Peggy, "is why, when you disapprove of everything West and his gang stand for, and when you have a chance to vote for a man who wants the same things you want, what I can't understand is, why you vote for West?"

It has always been hard for me to think clearly when Peggy looks at me, and I was somewhat relieved when the tinkle of the telephone bell diverted her attention. While she pulled the desk 'phone to her and tilted the receiver to her ear I revolved in my mind a reply which should be at once dignified, simple and so final that she would not pursue the subject for I could not hope to explain in an hour what it had taken me years to learn; and though Peggy is bright, undeniably clever in some things, she cannot hope to comprehend the intricacies of the great business world.

Before I had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she put down the receiver and pushed the 'phone toward me. "Mr. West wants to speak with you, Charles," she said sweetly.

One of the distinct memories of my childhood is the recollection of one awful hour when mother entered the pantry to find me clinging to one of the upper cupboard shelves taking the lid off a jar of jam, and of how she forced me to eat it in her presence, even to the last sweetish, sickish red drop. For some reason the terror of the moment of mother's appearance on that occasion rushed over me as I took up the 'phone, and every word of the conversation was like an added drop of that disgusting strawberry mush.

It was West all right. "Where the deuce do you keep yourself? I've been looking for you at the office for the last half hour."

"Yes—yes—I—I wasn't there."

"Oh—thanks for telling me." (Why did the

fellow yell so?) "Look here, you stand pat on that proposition, don't you?"

"Ye—yes."

"Well then, your wife doesn't." (I looked at her hastily. She was gazing at the window, but the 'phone was shouting in my ear.) "Those darned women's clubs are mixing into things they've got no business with; and if your wife speaks this afternoon it will be the same as if you did. See? I just heard of the thing, but it's got to stop or——"

"All—all right. Never mind. I'll—I'll do what I can."

"Well, that's flat, you know. Good-bye."

I hung up the receiver as quietly as possible. Peggy seemed lost in thought and I didn't want to disturb her. I remembered that mother gave me castor oil, and I wondered what Peggy would give me. Presently I found out.

"If I had to take my choice between handling some of West's money and washing my own dishes, I'd take the dishes. I do hate to get my hands dirty." Her tone was the one she uses to callers in discussing the weather.

"If you would please explain what you mean ——" I began on a chance, but she cut me short.

"It's for you to explain, Charles," she said, and she had never mentioned the weather in that tone. "Why are you voting for a man you despise?"

I began to grow indignant. After all, what right had she to catechise me in this way? A man has to manage his own business; how can a woman who has never earned a dollar in her life expect to understand his affairs? I've seldom seen Peggy's eyes catch fire like that, but I met them squarely.

"Somebody had to have the contract for that new city hall; why shouldn't I have it? I can put up a better building than any of them. What difference does it make who is mayor of this one-horse town? Why, hang it all, Peg, that's the way business is run. It's all give and take. Nobody gets something for nothing. I can't explain all these things—you simply don't understand, you can't understand."

"No," said Peggy, standing up and leaning across the table towards me with her face flushed and her eyes blazing, "no, I can't understand it. But what I do understand——," she came around the table suddenly and I declare I jumped when she touched me, "what I do understand is, that I want my boy to grow up in a clean town, and I want my boy's father to be—honest."

That word stung like a blow in the face all afternoon. It kept repeating itself in all sorts of possible and impossible ways. The typewriter in the office clicked it off monotonously over and over again. Every time the telephone rang I jumped and dodged. The biggest shock my stenographer ever got was when I dictated slowly and carefully, "In reply to your letter of the tenth, we wish to state that we are strictly honest." "You don't mean that, do you, Mr. Connard?" she asked in amazement, and I answered with a sinking heart: "No, really I'm afraid I don't." For an hour and ten minutes I was so angry with Peggy for saying such a thing that I meditated revenge in at least twenty crushing forms; and then I put in another hour answering for my own benefit the question she had put to me and which I had not had the opportunity to answer for her benefit—"Why do you vote for West?" Reasons fairly rushed and tumbled into my mind now that I had no need of them. Because all the other fellows would have done it if they had had the chance; that my one vote and even my influence could have done but little toward electing the other man anyhow; that it was the most simple and commonplace of business arrangements—"You help me, I'll help you;" that the town had prospered in many ways under the present regime and would doubtless continue to do so; and that the contract for the proposed city hall would just take Peggy and me to Europe for the trip we had dreamed of.

At three-thirty my mind was made up to pack my household goods and especially my wife, back to Ohio, where the fool idea of allowing women to vote was not prevalent and where, as a consequence, Peggy studied Browning and Domestic Science and left me in peace to furnish the money. At four o'clock I gave my very proper stenographer another shock when I whirled in my chair and asked spitefully, "Miss Simmons, if you met me casually on the street, would you notice that I am a fool?" And while her rosy lips were still parted in breathless astonishment, I rammed on my hat and left the office. "It is the most infernal nonsense to give in to Peggy like this," I reminded myself all the way down the street. "Besides, I'm doing it for her pleasure anyhow—I'm always wretchedly sick on the water—and Peggy, with all her faults, is entirely too much of a lady to—to—become personal in a public speech. What the deuce was its ridiculous name? 'A Few Facts Concerning Their Campaign Methods.' Oh, if the ladies, God bless 'em, would only stay out of politics!"

But I thought when I reached the hall (for some unholy fascination drew me there against all my natural pride as a man) I repeat that when I gazed from the rear upon the vast array of expensive millinery, which so far as I could see filled the entire floor space of the hall, it seemed to me that there could be no women left who were staying out of politics. Along the back there was a merciful fringing of men, and I seized Tom Blanchard by the arm with a gasp of relief.

"Ye shades of Uncle Joe!" I breathed fer-

vently in his ear. "Think of a mass meeting on the day before election, composed of perfume and plumes!"

"Suits me as well as tobacco smoke and bald heads," he answered; but he always was a ladies' man. "You ought to be a proud and happy man," he added. "Look there."

There had been a little flurry of pattering, feminine applause when I entered, and as it died away now I caught the low, distinct tones of a voice which I remembered as having pronounced the word "honest" some hours before; and looking for the first time at the stage, I saw Mrs. Margaret Morton Connard—for the life of me I couldn't think of her as Peggy—standing beside a light speaker's table with one hand resting on the sheets of a pile of manuscript, the other held quietly by her side.

Every year or two I get a distinct mental shock when it is borne in upon me that no man ever gets to know his wife; and if the gracious, most charming woman on the platform had suddenly said, "Charles, won't you come and stand beside me?" I should instantly have replied, "Madame, you will have to excuse me—I haven't the ghost of an idea who you are." I had grown accustomed to Peggy as my sweetheart, to her assumption of dignity as she pours my morning coffee, to her wonderful hushed voice crooning over our babe, to the becoming beauty of her silvering hair; but this beautifully gowned, self-possessed woman, who held the attention of a theatreful of people as lightly and becomingly as she held her wisp of lace handkerchief, this Peggy who spoke on politics—was a total stranger to me. I even found myself wondering what sort of a chump the husband of this queen might be, when out of the even flow of her speech a single phrase caught my ear—

"——their campaign methods. I have spoken in general of the tricks to which the present city administration owes its continuance in office; of the ingenious forms which their bribes have taken in the present campaign. It would be quite possible for me to give you examples of the wicked cleverness to which these men resort in their attempts to cloud the dishonesty they practise with a mist of friendliness. Friends, I could prove to you, without the shadow of a doubt that if our present mayor wins in his fight for re-election to-morrow it will be by the help of votes and influences which have been bought."

The sort of tense stillness which settles over a crowd to which a choice sensation is about to be flung, grew and deepened around me; but to me it was a hideous clamor of strident voices. Would Peggy do it—Peggy, my wife? Did she so utterly despise me? And somehow through the dim length of crowded room which separated us, the strong, unshaken bonds of years held taut, and Peggy's eyes met mine.

She had not seen me before, but instantly she read the doubt of which even in my wretchedness I was ashamed. She ceased speaking in a pause which the audience took as a mere rhetorical trick, but which she and I knew was one of those rare two or three moments in the span of a human life when two souls stand forth in their weakness and strength and the weaker goes down before the stronger. Through the mist in my eyes I saw her proud smile quivering with the hurt of my doubt and then her voice came, level and unafraid.

"But, friends, why should I name the men who sell a vote as you and I sometimes sell a smile or an invitation—for favor with the powers that be? The fault lies with us equally, for our ignorance, our womanish holding aloof from problems which do not directly concern us, our willingness to accept without question what is provided for us and sometimes our insistance on more than can be provided for us in pure honesty; these things are as blameworthy as the false logic that says that business is business and any way of getting ahead is a fair one. Those women from whom the responsibility of voting is withheld have less to answer for if they do not open their minds to this question; but when not the chance nor the right but the duty of citizenship comes to a woman there is no excuse if she blinds her eyes to the difficulty of the problems which meet her husband. Friends, such a city administration as ours is based equally on woman's extravagance and man's greed, on woman's ignorance and man's carelessness, on woman's indifference and man's false logic."

In the burst of perfumed applause which swept over the audience, I broke away from that idiot of a Tom Blanchard and made a bee line for West's office.

Several times that evening I suggested to Ted that if he ever expected to cover the gaunt expanse of his ample frame with a respectable padding of flesh he couldn't do better than to adopt the early-to-bed plan, not to mention Ben Franklin's immortal couplet on that subject; but he assured me that his one fear in life was to acquire a figure like mine. At ten o'clock, however, after an evening of unutterable discomfort on my part, nature asserted herself and with many yawns, the sole prop of my declining years took himself off up stairs.

Peggy and I were alone. It is true that in the twenty odd years which I have mentioned before, this phenomenon had occurred several times, but never with such a paralyzing effect on my power of speech. As in the case of the jam incident, my mind returned vividly to a former occasion and I recalled one momentous

night when Peggy's younger sister had gone off yawning much as Ted had, and with my present sensation of being suspended in midair without solid support, I had realized that Peggy and I were alone, and that I had then, as I had now, something to say. Peggy was sitting on a sofa on that occasion and her hair was golden brown; to-night she sat on a piano bench and her hair was silver white; but the quake in my knees with which I approached the bench was the same which had distressed me when I neared the sofa, and the identical sense of my own unworthiness which had engulfed me then broke over me now as I took one hand out of my pocket and presented it to her.

"Peggy," I said, "you are a gentleman and a scholar. I wish I could ask you to go to Europe with me, but I can't afford it."

"Don't be a goose, Charles," she answered in the words of twenty years ago. "I knew you didn't have any money when I fell in love with you."

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

How a District Leader Can Get the Best Results.

For a woman who has never hitherto had any experience with a political organization or administrative work, it is by no means a light task to take up the labor of winning a district for suffrage. Yet this is actually the task which many women have undertaken since the founding of the Woman Suffrage Party, not in a spirit of bravado, or from a desire to get into the limelight, but humbly knowing that someone must have the courage of her convictions if a start is ever to be made on the road toward real democracy. It is true that some of our leaders are women whose experience has prepared them more or less effectively for their position of leadership in a neighborhood even if the political aspect of suffrage work is a new field to them.

For all the leaders, however, whether their activities up to this time have been confined to domestic life, to their own struggle for a living, or to social responsibilities, the problem of working a district is far from a simple one.

Every district, for example, is a polyglot of races, creeds, culture, and wealth. A leader must be "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove" in meeting religious and other prejudices, and seek to pierce through these differences in ideas to the heart of each individual and awaken his or her interest in an ideal, in human life as a whole, in democracy.

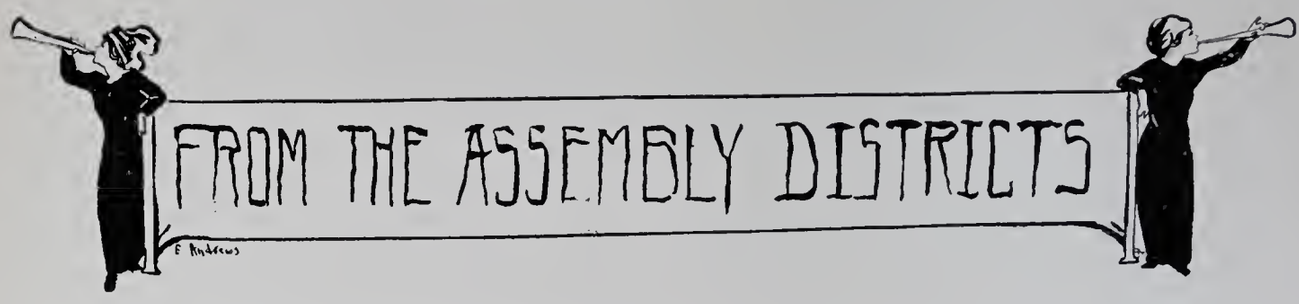
This requires not only great intelligence but the widest of sympathies and tact. A leader must be a democrat in practice, as well as in theory, and have faith in the people and in the ultimate good of human endeavor, or she will fail in spite of all desire to succeed. All class barriers and narrow conventions must give way to a broad humanitarian interest, and so a leader develops into a bigger, more intelligent, and more socially useful type of citizen.

How different is her position, therefore, from that of the regularly established party leader! The latter makes it his job to reach the neighborhood assigned him through an appeal to the material side of his constituents—doing charitable acts where a little money helps to win votes for his party—allying himself with the big interests in his district to win their monetary support—seeking always, by placing others under personal obligation to himself to strengthen his position and that of his party.

The woman suffrage assembly district leader, on the contrary, makes her appeal solely to the intellect and the moral sentiments of her neighbors. If they contribute money to her work they do not do it in the hope of personal gain. They do not give it as a result of a "hold-up" to secure protection from the officers of the law, but for the purpose of promoting a great cause. Results must necessarily come more slowly to her, therefore, than to the male leader of her district; for the voters, too often debauched by liquor and charity, are not accustomed to appeals based upon ideas of justice. The woman leader, therefore, must devise novel ways of arousing the people from their lethargy and stirring them to independent thought. Her task, though difficult, is none the less inspiring, for she is laboring for a great cause that is destined to victory. To paraphrase the closing words of one of Gladstone's eloquent orations, the great social forces which move upward and onward in their might and majesty are marshalled on her side; the flag of triumph may sometimes droop above her head, but as surely as the stars remain in their courses she will plant it victoriously over the ramparts of the enemy.

TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

The Woman Voter is the organ of the Woman Suffrage Party of New York—a party nearly forty thousand strong, to say nothing of the thousands of sympathizers. This paper reaches women who buy—women who are loyal to the suffrage party and are willing to support the advertisers, whose patronage makes possible the publication of this magazine and the extension of its circulation. Advertisers who buy space in our columns are not contributors to charity, although they are incidentally helping a good cause, but they are merely taking advantage of a good business proposition. They are advertising in the organ of a wide-awake movement and the rank and file of that movement will not be oblivious to the favor which business men confer upon the cause. It is a case of the old saw, "A word to the wise is sufficient."



It is impossible to give an account of the work in all the districts or a detailed report from any one district in this issue.

Interest has been maintained during the summer to an incredible extent and, right through all the heat of August, leaders and other workers have "carried the gospel" to the thousands of toilers who have had to confine their summer outings to Coney Island, Clason Point and the beaches and resorts on Staten Island.

Park and street meetings have been of nightly occurrence and one of the leaders reports that at least twenty new names are added each time to the city membership. In one week at Clason Point, over nine hundred signers were counted and plans are being formed to follow up this work by personal calls.

Rainbow leaflets were distributed and eagerly sought for by audiences. Suffrage became the topic of the day and those who have borne the brunt of this kind of propaganda have gained a wealth of experience which will be of inestimable value in the future. Members of the Party who have rested during the summer months may well feel their indebtedness to all those women who have staid at the helm, often at great personal sacrifice and risk of over-work. It is this whole-hearted devotion to the cause of suffrage which must bring victory and serves meanwhile as an inspiration to each and all of us.

MANHATTAN BOROUGH.

The 15th Assembly District Club House, Restaurant and Japanese Tea Room, which was opened in July under the direction of Mrs. Sophia Kremer, has bright prospects. Its very attractive apartments are being rented—Miss Caroline Reilly of the National Headquarters, being the latest tenant. It is announced that Japanese prints and Japanese robes of wonderful texture and at low prices will soon be for sale. A specialty of wholesome and pure food is made by the restaurant; home-made cakes and other articles can be ordered at any time.

The atmosphere of the Club is dignified and restful, and the ideal of Mrs. Kremer is to make it a quiet educational centre for the neighborhood.

The joint headquarters of the 17th and 19th Assembly Districts, located at 2789 Broadway, has proved itself to be a community need. Successful evening meetings and day-time teas and classes have marked its season's programme. For those residents of the district who have not yet found their way to these rooms, out-door meetings have been frequently held and as the days shorten and the parks become less alluring, doubtless the crowds that have hitherto heard the message only in the open-air will drift inside to hear more.

The 23rd Assembly District has not been idle just because its leader was out of town. Indeed, that district organization is most efficient, which does not depend on its leader for every breath of life. It was Mrs. Dewey who returned unexpectedly to town one day to find under her door notices of meetings in the district of which she is leader. She rated this sign of enthusiasm at its true value and was distinctly glad that her captains had initiative too.

The evening of Tuesday, August 10, a street meeting was conducted by Miss Craft and Miss Rankin at a corner in the 18th A. D., where the Hon. M. Goldberg lives. As the leader of the district, Mrs. James Gear, was away on vacation, the Woman Suffrage Party did not wish Mr. Goldberg to suppose that the suffragists had forgotten his district; hence it was proposed to hold a series of meetings there.

One evening when the suffragists were holding a meeting on a particularly hot corner during a particularly hot hour of the evening, a clerk from a drug store nearby came out with a cheerful grin and made the following announcement to the hot and thirsty suffragists: "Ladies, the leader over in the political headquarters just telephoned to ask us to take some glasses of soda water out to the speakers. We are very sorry, ladies, that we do not serve soda water here, as we would be glad to fill the order." The suffragists were so cheered by the kindly intention thus expressed that they felt almost as much refreshed as though they had actually had the soda water.

RICHMOND BOROUGH.

Borough Conference.

All members of the Woman Suffrage Party of Staten Island are requested to save one day and evening during the third week of September for a borough conference.

A great amount of organization work must be done, and all the individual work done during the year must be systematized, and this conference is called for that purpose. The winter plans must be decided upon.

Each member has a voice and a vote in all these matters.

The conference will be held at our Social Centre in The Colonial, Richmond Terrace, Mariner's Harbor, and consist of afternoon and evening sessions. The day of the week will be announced in local and city papers.

Members in each section of the Island are requested to present plans based upon the needs of their respective sections. We must carry out extensive campaigns for suffrage in all parts of the Island—concerted effort will mean votes for women in 1913.

Mariner's Harbor Social Centre.

The Social Centre of the W. S. P. at Mariner's Harbor has been a real social meeting place during the summer. It has proved to be an acceptable rest and retreat for scores of strangers, beside the members.

Mrs. De Hart has met many individuals and explained that woman suffrage stands for help to the children.

There are twenty-five members in The Thimble Club, ranging from seven to thirteen years in age. A party is to be given on August 29, to the youngest attendant, who has been "useful to teacher," in honor of her fourth birthday. The club has met twice each week since the seventh of July.

A class in hemstitching and embroidery will be started in September, with Mrs. Isenhut in charge, also one in crochet under the direction of Mrs. A. E. Price. Expense of class, one cent each lesson, unless it is advisable to remit payment.

Donations of linen, muslin, embroidery silk, crochet hooks, etcetera are acceptable. Receipts for lessons defray expenses of thread, needles, thimbles.

Suffrage has won for itself a warm place in the hearts of the community. Owing to the heat no regular open forum meetings have been held, but with the cooler days and evenings they will be resumed, the dances will be inaugurated and The Woman's Exchange opened.

The Woman Voter is on sale and subscriptions taken.

Open Air Meetings.

The Collegiate Equal Suffrage League has cooperated with the Woman Suffrage Party during the entire summer in conducting meetings each week at some desirable street corner, securing enrollments, selling buttons, distributing literature, and reaching people who have never before heard of women voting The assistance of the local police has been greatly appreciated. These meetings will be continued until the weather is too cold.

The attitude of the citizens toward street speaking has perceptibly changed.

The Press.

While all the local papers have kindly printed notices and reports sent them, the suffragists are especially indebted to The Advance for sending its own reporter to meetings and also for publishing news not sent by the borough chairman. Such attentive courtesy to a great cause will be sure to increase the popularity of any paper, for the thousands of people who make public opinion will buy the paper that reports their interests. The Advance is showing good business ability. Suffragists should read it.

BROOKLYN AND THE BRONX.

Brooklyn and the Bronx have had their summer resorts to cover during July and August, and anyone who has ever visited Coney Island, or Clason Point, will understand the responsibility which fell to the lot of those who had in charge the suffrage tents at these places. The following is a type of incident of which the days and nights were so full:

Saturday evening, July 29, there was a very large and enthusiastic meeting at Coney Island, under the direction of Mrs. Wolterbeek and Miss Craft, which was characterized by a number of interesting incidents. For instance, Miss Lucy Coleman, a member of a very conservative Virginia family, who has been won over to the cause of equal suffrage, a co-worker of Ellen Glasgow and Mary Johnston in the City of Richmond, was a week-end guest of Mrs. Laidlaw, who lured her to her first street meeting. She became so enthusiastic that she finally mounted the chair and addressed the attentive crowd. Mrs. Laidlaw was at the back of the crowd distributing the colored leaflets, but as Miss Coleman began to speak she paused to listen. A well dressed, but very supercilious looking man stopped with a sneer which turned to an expression in which sorrow was mingled. "That is a very *nice* looking woman to be standing there

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NEWS FROM THE STATES.

THE MOVEMENT SPREADS FROM SEA TO SEA.

WILL CALIFORNIA BE THE SIXTH STAR?

Only six weeks more! How the heart of every suffragist beats with the hope that on October 10, women will win, in another State, the right so long denied them to be represented in the government of the State and Nation.

The "Whirlwind Speakers' Campaign," which proved so effective a method in Washington, is beginning now in California and the home workers are being re-inforced by speakers from other States. We learn from the news letter that "the California Political Equality League has undertaken the distribution of over a half million pamphlets before the first of October. These letters are to go to every voter of the south, farmers, merchants, professional men, day laborers, and capitalists alike, and the arguments in the pamphlets are to meet and answer every phase of the question.

The Woman's Parliament, the Federation of Parent-Teacher Associations, and the W. C. T. U., of California, have overwhelmingly endorsed the suffrage amendment to be voted on next October. These organizations, with the State Federation—which gave its unanimous endorsement—are said to include three-fourths of the women of the State.

The business district of Los Angeles has been divided and each district turned over to a committee which is to thoroughly canvass every block of business offices. So far, the work has been most successful. Doctor's offices, dentist's parlors, rest rooms and telephone desks are supplied with suffrage literature where every one who reads may learn, and learning become converted."

The Self-denial Week, instituted by the Woman Suffrage Party of New York City to help their sisters in this great struggle, has been adopted in California also, and with splendid success.

As a result of this week of sacrifice, the Woman Suffrage Party is able to send two of its members—Mrs. A. C. Fisk and Mrs. Helen Hoy-Greeley—to help in the California campaign for six weeks, paying all their expenses. They will stop en route to hold meetings in Denver and Salt Lake, to raise funds. Mrs. Fisk also expects to see Mrs. Wilson, the woman mayor of Hunnewell, Kansas, and learn the heart of the story there.

Miss Agnes Rankin is being sent by Mrs. Laidlaw and is awaited eagerly by the western women, among whom she has worked so successfully before. Mrs. Charlotte Anita Whitney, of San Francisco, writes: "We are quite overwhelmed with the thoughtfulness and generosity of our sister suffragists in the Woman Suffrage Party."

The Men's League for Woman Suffrage of New York is likewise raising funds with which to send a speaker. Dr. Charles F. Aked, formerly of New York, but now a minister in San Francisco, has also offered his services to the College League for the month of September.

May we all be able to rejoice in California's victory and soon watch with pride the achievements of her newly-acquired voters!

NEW YORK.

The State Association reports a most encouraging manifestation of interest in woman suffrage at all the places reached during the summer automobile campaign. The efficacy of open-air meetings seems also to have been demonstrated. The following summary of the work done by Miss Harriet May Mills and her coworkers is taken from the New York Suffrage Newsletter for August:

"Our usual programme gave the five an opportunity to be heard. The crowd prefers short speeches and several of them. I opened with a statement of our work and the reasons for our faith; Mrs. Elder followed with an account of the last day at Albany; Mrs. Stubbs gave an historical survey of suffrage; Mr. Elder spoke of its needs and the legal status of women; while Miss Willis used my flags and told of the countries where women already had the vote. Then we threw the meeting open to questions, enrolled names, took a collection and sold our leaflets. I found it better generally to take the collection in the middle of the programme. There was hardly a town visited where Miss Willis was not able to enlist the mayors, the ministers and other leading citizens. We always looked up the record of the members of the Legislature from

the different districts and occasionally had some in our audience. At Plattsburgh a man came to the machine at the close and said, "I came here thinking this was a joke. I go away with a realization of the earnestness of you women and the seriousness of this question. Never again shall I think that votes for women is a joke." Another man said, "You are working in the best way possible. You are reaching the people and your method is dignified and effective." Such was the verdict of unprejudiced observers.

This campaign is over. Thousands of people —as many as 15,000—were reached, and thousands of names were enrolled. Quantities of literature were given away. Editorials and leading notices were given us by the press. Everywhere courtesy, everywhere sympathy, and some friends were secured. Our next step is to crystallize this sentiment which has been aroused. Then for more campaigns and more converts!"

ILLINOIS.

In the September *American Magazine,* entitled "Votes for Women," appears an account of the personal experiences of a group of prominent Chicago women who went all over Illinois speaking for woman suffrage, with the definite purpose of influencing legislators to vote for a certain bill. The stories of the actual experiences of these women on the road make interesting reading and add to one's knowledge. One point is that the average women, farmers' wives, tradesmen's wives and workingmen's wives, are greatly interested in woman suffrage. In fact, this article shows, more than anything we have seen, how far the movement has gone.

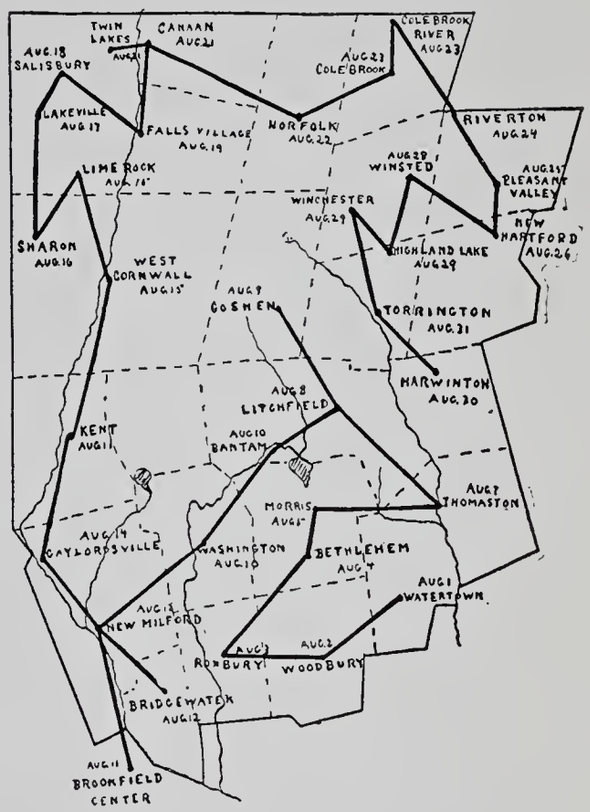
Those who made up the first suffrage automobile party were: Catherine Waugh McCulloch, lawyer and justice of the peace; Dr. Anna Blount, physician and surgeon; Rev. Kate Hughes, minister of the Gospel; Helen M. Todd, state factory inspector, and Miss Jennie Johnson, singer. The party was formed to invade the counties of Joseph G. Cannon, Speaker of the House; Lee O'Neil Browne, Frank L. Lowden, Senator Downing, who had voted against the suffrage bill in the Forty-sixth Assembly, Representatives Gray of Morrison, and Cliff of Sycamore, also non-suffragists.

KANSAS AND WISCONSIN.

The fight for the suffrage in these States grows hotter every day. The liquor interests know that they will never get into Kansas if the women win.

CONNECTICUT.

While the Pacific Coast is making such a heroic fight for equal justice, the conservative Atlantic States are more and more catching the spirit of the movement. Connecticut has responded admirably this summer to the appeals made by its State Suffrage Association, and has welcomed most cordially its State Organizer, Miss Emily Pierson, and her co-workers. We give here a partial reproduction of the advertising leaflet, which shows the kind of work which was carried on in Litchfield County during August. This is a map of the grand automobile tour taken by the campaigners.



BROOKLYN AND THE BRONX.

(*Continued from page 20*)

talking in the street," he said in tones of deep regret, mingled with bewilderment. Thereupon Mrs. Laidlaw brought to light the bunch of highly colored literature and began to deal it out to him with a rather severe and reproachful look. It is certain that if the man in the street will stop to think he will realize that there must be some important reason why such "nice looking women" are willing to go by the scores and hundreds into our streets to talk to their fellow citizens on this great issue.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

PREMIER McGOWAN ON SUFFRAGE.

It would have been a fortunate thing if the Premier and Mrs. McGowan, of Australia, could have made a longer stay in New York. As it was they were here for only three days. We were fortunate enough to get these interesting people to spend a day with us in the country. It was a day full of inspiration for any suffrage worker. The Honorable Mr. McGowan is a great hearted humanitarian labor leader and an ardent suffragist. He said he would gladly have spoken for the Woman Suffrage Party if his time had been less limited. He was absolutely amazed to hear of the work that was being done in New York State. He said he had never realized that it was a vital issue with us.

We asked him to give us some suffrage material for "The Woman Voter." He said he would gladly do that. However, it is a little difficult to rouse a resident of a suffrage country to an impassioned argument in favor of so accepted and beneficent a system as that of equal suffrage. It is hard for such a person to see exactly what there is to argue about. Mr. and Mrs. McGowan both said there was absolutely nothing to be said but what was strongly in its favor. Finally, stirred by some opposed remarks the fine eloquence of the Premier was aroused and he sprang to his feet and gave us an inspiring talk. Of this we can give only a few brief extracts.

"The solution for the problems and evils of any country is that the voice of its women shall be heard in government. The women rarely cast their influence on the wrong side. In the few years preceding the adoption of Woman Suffrage in Australia, things were going from bad to worse in that country. Now we believe we are the leaders in the world in advanced legislation. Every one of the fine laws in our statute book has been placed there largely through the aid of the women. They have rarely ever made a mistake in their championship of public measures. The greatest argument for woman suffrage that I know is simply the argument of fact. Of course, the woman's vote has been a success in Australia, a larger proportion of women vote than men, and women are politically free and untrammeled. They cannot be swung into line and driven to the polls like party sheep; they are going to vote for the honor of the country, for the safety and sanctity of the home, for morality and justice every time. The machinations of politicians are of secondary interest to them. Even when the women began to vote, twenty-five per cent. of them cast an absolutely independent vote. This immediately made both parties very guarded as to their methods and their candidates. Now a larger proportion of women are voting than men and it is safe to say that the independent woman's vote has grown until it is now perhaps as high as seventy-five per cent.

"What I call the basic principal of woman suffrage, aside from all these questions of expediency, is simply this: Why do we give man a vote? Because he is a *unit*. Is not woman a unit? Then she should certainly have a vote. Woman is not only a unit, but exactly as a male voter she is amenable to law. Then she has a right to a voice in the laws which she must obey and under which she shall be judged. Is she subject to taxation? Then she equally with a man shall have a voice in the government which taxes her. Has she interest at stake in the community? Yes, as a wage earner, as a housekeeper and as a mother she has all the interests that any man can have and even more vital interests. Women in the labor world in Australia do not meet with the injustices that women in other countries do. I have recently visited a big factory in Paisley, where the mill operators get sixty per cent. on their investment. How is this possible? Simply and solely because they employ women laborers and grind them down to the last cent. This would not be possible in a country where women were politically free. The laboring woman must have the vote for her protection; the home woman must have the vote for the protection of her home and in the interests of her children. And the interests of children we must never forget are in the end the interest of the state for *people* are the greatest wealth that any nation can possibly have. It is all so obvious! Woman's guidance and direction is felt for good in every walk of life. In private life women *do* rule us and our sons for our good. Why should not this rule and this executive ability be utilized and employed in the state. It looks as if we Australians had been wiser in this matter than you people. The appeal for enfranchisement came from a very few people in Australia. There was never any great amount of work done by the suffragists, never any great definite campaign. It simply came about this way. The subject was presented by some

of our thoughtful women to our men in the parliament and elsewhere. We men hadn't thought much about it one way or the other. We are liable to go on in a routine with our affairs and not think of good things until women call them to our attention. Simply as soon as our best men thought about this question of woman's participation in government they realized that something must be done for the reform and the betterment of the country and it became obvious to them that the woman's 'influence' crystallized and operating in the form of good laws, was the greatest hope that we could have. Now, I want to say, ladies and gentlemen, unconditionally, that women have amply and generously justified our most sanguine hopes."

Thus the testimony comes in from all the suffrage countries. Our reading public is being fed full of this sort of convincing and potent reasoning from facts. How is it possible that any person who desires to have any reputation for mental integrity can continue to reiterate objections to the effect that woman suffrage *"would"* have such and such effects and it *"might"* bring about this or that undesired result. I suppose it is partly because the printed word is so cold. I would that the round full tones, the enthusiasm and the glowing conviction of this fine man could be reproduced for the readers of The Voter.

H. B. LAIDLAW.

The first International Congress of Farm Women, to be held in Colorado Springs beginning October 16, is one of the most far reaching current results in the activities of women for the public welfare. The farmers are becoming the "power behind the throne" in the political and financial world and their wives are closely following. With the pressing realization that upon the latter depends the home and upon the home depends the vital, moral and physical strength of the future of our nation, they are reaching forward with anxious energy to grasp the strength needed to do their part.—Labor Clarion, July 28.

Before going abroad for the summer Count Carl von Moltke, Danish minister to Washington, made a tour of the Western States, to investigate the working of woman suffrage for his government, which is in favor of granting full suffrage to women, including the right to be represented in Parliament by their own sex.

The Christian Herald says: "Every woman who honors her sex must feel a sense of gratification as she looks at the bright, intelligent and eminently kind and sensible face of the first woman member of a Parliament in the world, Anna Rogstad, of Norway. She has been a successful teacher and is universally respected throughout the country."

FROM FAR-AWAY PORTUGAL.

Judge Joao Baptista de Castro, of Lisbon, in the new Republic, Portugal, decides that women have the right to vote under the law of that country, which declares that all "Portuguese who know how to read and write, are taxpayers and heads of families, etc." and that this wording includes women.

He says, in an interview in the Lisbon Times, "Women have always had some influence in politics. In some places it is a controlling one. When I visited the Azores (and I think it is the same everywhere), there was one town where all the political power was in a woman's hands. * * * * In all countries woman has always had influence—a secret influence, it is true * * * * This secret influence ought to be destroyed, and they should be given freedom to act openly and frankly. It is more honest."

Judge Castro has made the decision that women shall vote and there is no appeal from his decision.

Woman Suffrage in Portugal is the title of a pamphlet published by the Portuguese Woman's Rights Association.

FROM ITALY.

The Woman Suffrage movement is still small in Italy, "But," writes Signorita Sophy Guidino, a member of the executive committee of the W. S. S. of Turin, "the English movement, now it is near its triumph, has a rousing effect upon us, and we are entering on a campaign of propaganda in preparation for the Congress of Women to be held here very shortly."

Miss Elizabeth Freeman who, as has been announced, comes from the English movement to work for a year with the Woman Suffrage Party, sails on the Baltic on September 7. Miss Freeman will accept paid lecture engagements in addition to her pre-arranged work for the Woman Suffrage Party.

At the Convention of the Allied Printing Trade Councils of the State of New York, Peter J. Brady offered resolutions which were adopted in favor of equal suffrage rights for men and women. The body pledges itself to use every effort for the passage of an amendment to the State Constitution to be submitted to a referendum vote for the franchise for women. The passage of the resolution followed a general discussion.

THE SUFFRAGIST AROUSING HER SISTERS

"The Suffragist Trying to Arouse Her Sisters" is a small plaster cast, or sketch for a larger work modeled by Miss Ella Buchanan, of Pittsburg, Kansas, and a student in the sculpture class of the Art Institute of Chicago. Miss Buchanan is from a State where she has imbibed her ideas relative to the enfranchisement of women. She is young and this is her first public work. This sketch will be developed in bronze and of heroic size later if the enthusiasm of women interested in suffrage is carried out.

The central figure is the Suffragist.

To the right is Vanity.

On the ground clutching Vanity is Prostitution.

To the left of central figure is the Wage Earner.

Below this figure is Conventionality, which sits on the skirts of Prostitution, somnolent and indifferent.

The composition is significant, the suffrage women assert, and placed conspicuously when completed will be an incentive to increase enrollment in their ranks.

Postal pictures of this statuette can be obtained from headquarters at 2 cents each. The price of the statuette is $10. It can also be bought at headquarters.

THE PRESS ON SUFFRAGE

By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers.

It is over—for a term. The eminent Solons of New York State, with cave-man mentality and Bath House John instincts, have signified officially that their mothers, wives, and sisters are incapable of appreciating the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee in matters political, and so—imprimis!

Shades of Concord, Lexington and the Boston Tea Party, but enough is sometimes too much!

The Legislature has, however, shown rare discretion and judgment, to my mind.

And the fourteen noble statesmen who ducked into a hole and pulled the hole in after them, when the vote was called, Saluta! A new issue of Carnegie medals is being struck off for them by the New York Central Railroad. They gave the bill its coup de grace. Some one insisted that they ought to have had their brains ta'en out and battered and fed to a dog for a New Years' gift, but I never did believe in cruelty to animals. Those profound descendants of Lycurgus and Aristides knew their business. If women had the voting power we would have the initiative, referendum and recall inside of two years, and these gallant statesmen would be gently but firmly retired to political oblivion. New York is in the same general category as Russia and Turkey, however, so there is no need at all to feel lonesome. Plenty of good company is still available.

Woman suffrage will be universal in the Central and Far West before the idea even penetrates our pachydermatous hides that our women folks are human beings, just as deeply interested in the solution of the problems under which they are compelled to struggle as are we Lords of Creation (may the incense never cease burning).

By all the laws of Hetero and auto-suggestion men should be kings in the realm of brain (Heaven knows that they have been told so times beyond computation).

There was a golden age in the East when Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Louisa Olcott and her husband, Horace Greeley, Theodore Parker, and other immortals made literary history, but that period, unfortunately, is past.

There were giants in those days. But now,

go West, young man, if you want to come in touch with progressive thought and action.

We'll be going to school to Oregon, Wyoming, Montana, Washington, Colorado, California, and other Western States, for a millenium or two, before we awake to the realization of the fact that we are a bunch of chumps run by a lot of punk politicians.

When that day arrives, perhaps the New York Legislature will come out of its trance, rub its eyes, and demand to know "where are we at?" —*The New York Call.*

The American Year Book (pages 156-7), published by D. Appleton & Co., 1911, contains a good resume of the work of suffragists during the year 1910, and some of the reasons why suffrage has become "one of the leading questions of the day."

One of the shrewdest politicians in the Pacific Northwest, not many weeks ago, was studying, ward by ward, and precinct by precinct, the returns of a remarkable election in Seattle at which many thousands of women cast ballots. This politician knew the campaign work that had been done in each precinct and ward, and knew the class of voters therein.

For nearly two hours he poured over the figures. At the end of that time he tilted back his hat, turned to a number of his friends and quietly said: "The women paid no attention whatever to the newspapers, to campaign literature, or to what our workers said to them. They went out, studied the situation for themselves, and voted as they d——d pleased. The old-line politician is as dead as a door nail. The women have revolutionized politics."

All these results, as the returns show, were brought about through the woman vote. And they accepted their honors modestly, failed to "crow" over the men, but firmly and politely announced that hereafter, for ever and ever, they intended to keep "right on the job" politically.

So whether suffrage is right or wrong; whether or not the women of Tacoma and Seattle were misled regarding the character and policies of the men against whom they worked; whether suffrage will make or "break" a State; whether women are or are not legally and morally entitled to the ballot, does not in the slightest degree affect the fact that, in the two most notable instances of women participating as voters in municipal elections, they took what they believed to be the honest course, made campaigns that would put to shame many a trained politician and got exactly what they went out to get.

No man can predict whether Oregon, California, Nevada or Kansas will enfranchise women as a result of the campaigns now under way. Whether or not you believe in suffrage, one thing is certain; the very best element of both sexes in the five States that already have suffrage publicly profess to believe thoroughly in it. The same element of the people who are fighting "ring" politics all over the West are boosting for suffrage, and as long as the people are insurging against "ring" politics, so long will suffrage be a live and a vital issue.—*Pacific Monthly for July.*

The Political Equality League of Los Angeles —located at Fifth and Olive streets—includes, among its articles for sale, attractive yellow cartons of tea put up by Mrs. R. L. Craig, the only woman wholesale merchant in the United States.

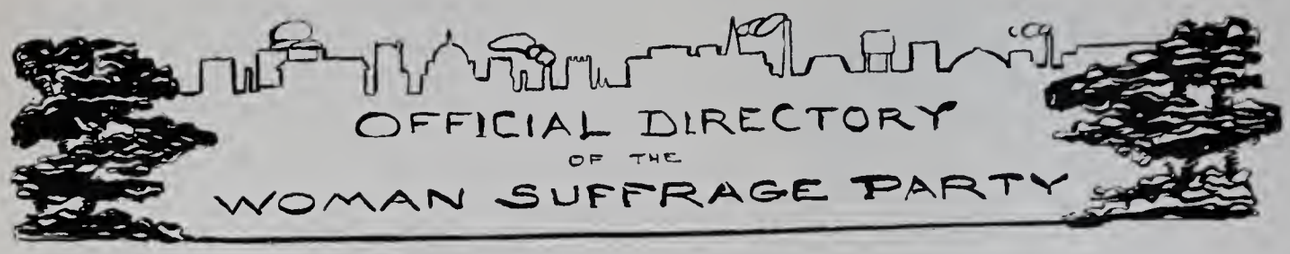
$10,000 CAMPAIGN FUND FOR 1911

RECEIPTS.

Reported in July Voter	$5,677.46

DISTRICT AND OTHER EXPENDITURES.

2nd Assembly District	$25.50
3rd Assembly District	69.00
5th Assembly District	89.61
7th Assembly District	10.50
9th Assembly District	15.00
10th Assembly District	15.00
11th Assembly District	5.50
12th Assembly District	79.45
14th Assembly District	35.00
15th Assembly District	1,200.00
16th Assembly District	10.00
17th Assembly District	65.00
18th Assembly District	10.00
19th Assembly District	350.00
21st Assembly District	370.00
23rd Assembly District	55.26
25th Assembly District	67.61
27th Assembly District	35.60
28th Assembly District	8.50
29th Assembly District	55.00
31st Assembly District	85.00
20th Assembly District (Brooklyn)	305.00
Mrs. Laidlaw	$508.18
Collection at Hotel Astor	35.54
Mrs. Crowell	135.00
District Dues	40.00
A Friend	10.00
Mrs. Laidlaw	5.00
Mrs. Mackay	25.00
Miss Watts	5.00
Concert	28.00
Mrs. Finch	4.00
Miss Sheffer	1.00
Yellow Books	6.47
A Friend	50.00
Friends	47.00
Mrs. Guilford	3.00
Mrs. Eldon Bisbee	30.00
Mrs. E. H. Savage	2.00
Miss Vida Sutton	3.00
Mrs. W. Holden Weeks	12.00
Mrs. Penfield	123.20
Bentley Manor Meeting	23.50
Rent, etc	10.00
Sales of Literature, etc.	3.75
June 6	1.50
Madame Monotatti	5.00
Mrs. Brewer	5.00
Mrs. Willcox	79.19
Mrs. Ingalls	5.00
Mrs. Walser	5.00
C. H. Whitmore	5.00
Edith Whitmore	100.00
Mrs. Catt	500.00
Mr. James Hennessey	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Berdy	2.00
Total	$9,780.35



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STRAIGHT EDGE STORE
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OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR HINMAN.

(*Continued from page 11*)

Fire!—the politicians to whom they appeal coolly inform them that they have no political power and therefore need not be taken into consideration. This, Senator, is no fiction of the imagination. Certain authorities of New York brutally told a committee of women who sought stricter protection against the dangers of industry that "if you had thirty-five voters to go up to Albany instead of 35,000 women there might be some use in your bothering about this matter." This civilization of ours does not seem to be so tender about homes for women as to refuse to maim, burn, and butcher them in factories and workshops. How you, Senator, a man whom any judge in the land would hold capable of making your own will, in face of the industrial statistics of the United States, can tell women that their place is in the home, is more than I can understand.

Finally, sir, you say that when you go home you do not want to be met at the door by your wife talking politics. Of course, you didn't take this seriously. But I don't blame you if you do not relish your wife's talking the kind of politics which your party friends of the Black Horse Cavalry and their noble successors have been perpetrating upon this State. Because you don't want to talk over with your wife questions that concern the welfare of all the people is no reason why you should stand in the way of men who prefer the discussion of great public affairs (even if it is not as illuminating as that you find among the intellectual giants in the legislature at Albany) to the recital of village gossip.

Yours faithfully,
PUBLIUS.

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(Concluded from page 4)

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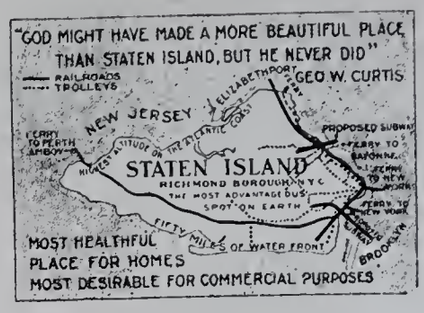

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